245 camel from the high hills of the interior. Coffee will not grow
below 4,000 ft. at the latitude of Aden and the Yemen.

247 Away to the east on the Audhali plateau and in the other
243 high regions, wheat and barley are cultivated by well water
312 irrigation from shallow wells, and apricot trees grow naturally
245 among the fields and grape vines run over the trees that border
the grassy valleys. Much attention has been given to increasing
the fruit cultivation and to the growing of tomatoes and other
[177] vegetables in the summer time when the low lying plains are
far too hot. Plums and apples and peaches and walnuts have
been introduced successfully, and lower down citrus culti-
262 vation has had surprisingly good results. Originally, of course,
178 the idea was that these fruits and vegetables would be available
.433 to the Colony markets and to a certain extent this has proved
to be true, but no-one anticipated the extent to which local
consumption of vegetables and fruit would increase in the
• [178] Protectorate itself. It is extraordinary how quickly people
will develop a taste for new varieties of vegetables, as I had
found in Muscat when I first introduced cabbages. Nobody
had seen them before and at first I had to give them away and
persuade people to eat them, but it was not long before they
came and helped themselves. It was much the same in the
Protectorate with lettuce, which was looked upon with distrust
when I first travelled to Lodar and Makeiras, but by the time
I left twenty-five years later no meal was complete without a
dish of salad.

243 Down in the plains the main crops are sorghum and bulbrush
262 millet which grow throughout the Protectorate and provide
the staple diet of the people who grind and pound the grain
into coarse flour from which they make a very palatable un-
245 leavened bread. Where water is available in sufficient quantity
312 as at Lahej and in the Wadi Hadhrami, there are extensive
date-palm plantations and bananas, and other Eastern fruits are
244 cultivated with particular emphasis on the melons which
flourish abundantly and are of excellent quality.

241 Two things have handicapped agricultural development in
481 the Protectorate. The first of these is lack of money and the
second lack of a suitable marketing organisation. The power to

2: Hickinbotham G-4, 5 (ca. 1931-ca. 1957)
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ing eager purchasers to make a satisfactory choice of a political garment and altering the model to suit their particular figure. It was just with this purpose in view that the Federation plan was conceived.

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In all the Western and Middle Eastern countries outside the Iron Curtain, with the exception of the temporary experiment in Egypt and the last remnant of the patriarchal conception in Saudi Arabia, governments are fundamentally democratic whether the head of State be designated Queen, King, or President, and Aden looks Westwards for guidance and inspiration.

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The contacts between the nineteenth-century Aden Protectorate and the West are daily becoming closer. Incessant broadcasts from London, Cairo and Aden itself, very different though they may be in their political approach, bring the modern West and modern Middle East into the remotest villages of the Protectorate. At the same time roads and landing grounds—of the latter there are at least eight with regular Civil Airline services, made possible by better security—have changed the mode of travel from the camel and the donkey to the lorry and the aeroplane and thereby greatly accelerated and increased personal contact with the outside world, and thus with people with Western ideas.

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In Aden Colony there are 38,000 Arabs from the Protectorate in close contact with a democratic form of government, many of whom exercise their voting right when elections to the Legislative and Municipal Councils take place. These people have become accustomed to a democratic system of government, not only in Aden, but also in countries in the West to which many of them travel. When they return to their Protectorate homes, which many of them do at frequent intervals, they find the old-fashioned autocratic rule of their Sheikh or Sultan irksome. They would like at home what they have become used to abroad, an ever-increasing say in the government of the country. At present these people are in the minority, but it will not be long before the wish of the few becomes the demand of the majority, and the wisest of the Protectorate Rulers are ready and willing to accept change and bow before the inevitable.

2: Hickinbotham G-4, 5 (ca. 1931-ca. 1957)
1958 MM1 Aden MM1

by which time most of the duck had gone away, and then sailed for the rest of the season, although I have, on occasion, done both on the same morning, but to get up at 2 a.m., drive forty miles along the seashore and over rough country, shoot till 9 a.m., then drive forty miles back and take the helm in a yacht race from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. was rather too much for my lazy temperament, and I did not often make the effort.

When I first went to Aden I had a small dhow built on the Ma'alla water-front in one of the attractive boat yards which were such a fascinating feature of the place and had been for many years until progress, initiated by myself, reclaimed the area; and the builders, deprived of the sea, went to an island in the harbour where a beach had been made for their reception. The *Nur-al-Bahr* or *Light of the Sea*, as my dhow was named, was twenty feet overall and was constructed of teak fastened below the water-line with copper nails and above with iron, and was built during the hot weather to be ready for the winter sailing season. I spent many enjoyable hours watching her grow. When she was finished she was painted white below the water line and with a traditional pattern in green and blue and red above; and she was provided with two eyes, one on each side of the bow, so that she could see where she was going, as my Arab boat boys pointed out when I uttered a mild protest at this last piece of artistry. When all was finished there came the final ceremony before the actual launching, a ceremony as old as the hills wrapped in the mists of pre-Islamic times when blood sacrifices were common throughout the world. A sheep, acquired at my expense, was the sacrifice and was slaughtered near the vessel. The fresh blood was daubed on the stern post, along the keel, and on the stem, after which the animal was cooked and eaten by the builders. There was a very real reason for this sacrifice and it was not, as some people might think, to provide the builders with a substantial supper. It was to give a life to the vessel before she was launched and thus prevent her from taking one after she was afloat, as she surely would have done according to popular belief. In the Persian Gulf a further and somewhat similar belief is that a woman has only to step over a new laid keel to become pregnant and in the

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followers of time present her husband with a son. Unfortunately it is equally firmly believed that having given a life in this way the vessel will demand a life from her crew once she is afloat, and so all new vessels are closely guarded in the builders' yards until the planking has reached such a height that the most agile female would not be able to jump over the keel.

•00 It was not long before I could manage my dhow reasonably well with the aid of my two Arab fishermen, and for excitement and exhilaration I have never met anything to equal a racing dhow in a stiff breeze being driven hard on a reach. When I became Governor I was more conventional and had a fast Bermuda-rigged "Seabird" of my own, by name Osprey, but I never had as much pleasure from the new boat as I had from my dhow which still sails the seas and was fishing off the British Somaliland coast when I last heard of her.

My second main amusement, either in the evenings or on Sundays and other public holidays, or when I was on tour in
136 the Protectorate, was shooting. Duck and sand grouse were to be had at Lahej in the Wadi Tibban; the former flighting up and down the Wadi and the latter when they came down to the Wadi to drink or were feeding in the stubble on the fields bordering the Wadi. It was a tiresome drive to Lahej over very corrugated desert and if I was just out for an evening's amusement I preferred to go down the Khormaksar beach to Abiyan
000 in the hope of two or three ducks. When we went to Abiyan to shoot in earnest we used to set out any time after midnight on Saturday in order to work the tides. The only way to get to Abiyan was on the hard sand of the beach between high and low water, and in order to have as much time to shoot as possible the outward journey had to be made just after high water. This was a variable factor, hence the uncertainty of the time of departure when the actual driving time was only about an hour on the beach itself. I drove one Land-Rover and my guards followed in the second, more to act as beaters and retrievers than as an armed escort, though they always had their rifles just in case. When driving on the beach the trick was to follow the outgoing wave down on to the hardest part of the sand and then run up the sand again in front of the next